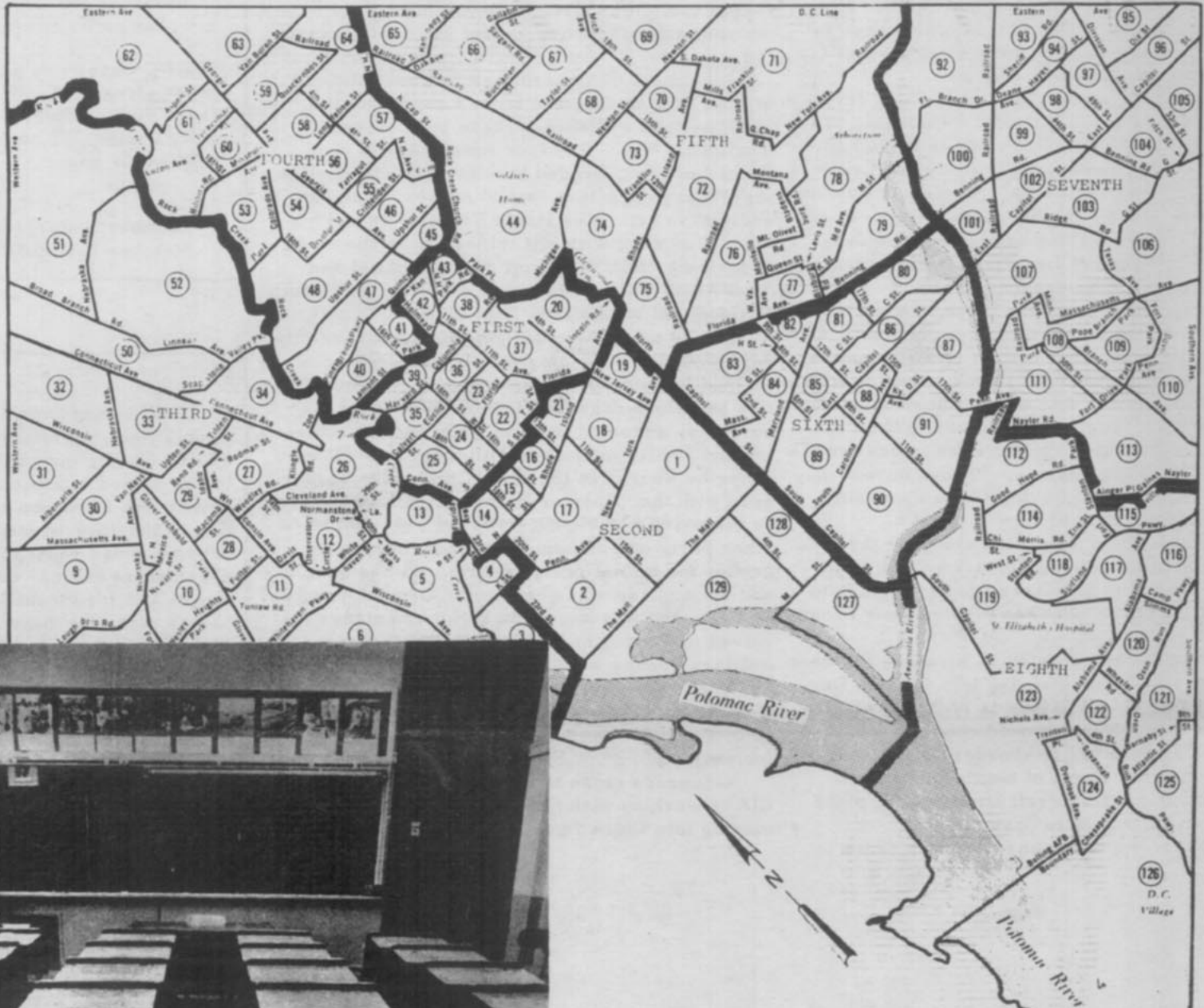


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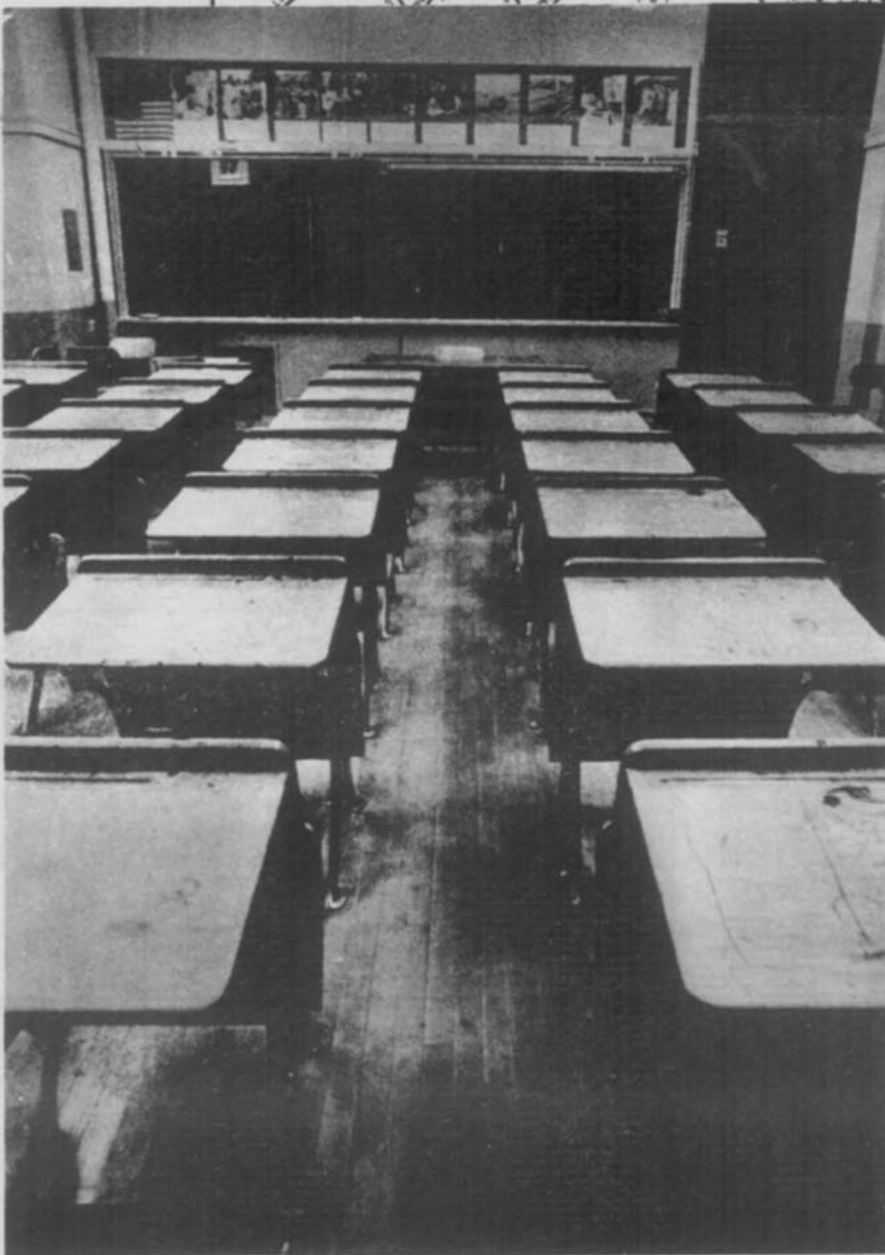
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The CIA in China

MICHAEL MORROW
DISPATCH NEWS SERVICE

HOUEI SAI, Laos (LNS) -- This sleepy Mekong River town is as close as a journalist with any regard for his safety can get to a secret CIA outpost which is the staging area for armed reconnaissance teams being sent by the U.S. into China.

Sources close to the CIA pinpoint the staging area at a small mountain valley airstrip called Nam Lieu (Nam Yu) fifteen minutes flying time north of Houei Sai. According to the same highly reliable sources, "there is always a team in China."

The teams are armed with American small arms, a special three pound radio with a range of four hundred miles, and other special equipment. Their missions are to tap Chinese telegraph lines, watch roads and do other types of intelligence gathering. Teams have gone as far as two hundred miles into China.

Each team is said to consist of about fifteen men, most of who are Yao hill tribesman. Yao are used because this tribe lives in large numbers along the mountainous frontiers of Laos, Burma, Thailand and China. There are approximately two million Yao living inside China, and some of the mercenaries have family connections there. Meo and Lao Theung tribesmen are also used for similar reasons.

The teams are normally flown to a sod airstrip known as "Site 93" of "Moung Moune," about twenty kilometers north of Nam Lieu, near the Mekong River where it forms a border with Burma. Sometimes they are put down right on the banks of Mekong by helicopters. They carry instantly inflatable rubber rafts to use crossing the Mekong into Burma. From Burma they continue northwest, entering China about fifty kilometers from Site 93.

The teams from Nam Lieu are gone three to four months, maintaining contact by radio with Nam Lieu and with airplanes which fly close to the China border in order to pick up their broadcasts.

On at least one occasion an airplane has been almost shot down for straying into China. During July 1968, an Air America "porter" single-engined plane with two aboard crossed the Chinese frontier near the tri-borders of Burma, Laos and China. Parts of both wings were blown away by anti-aircraft fire, but the plane was able to limp back to base.

Several of the teams inserted into China

have been captured, and some have switched allegiance, returning to Nam Lieu as counter-spies.

There has been at least one occasion when a returning team brought Chinese back with them. During 1968, five local Chinese functionaries ousted from their posts by the Cultural Revolution in China defected to a Nam Lieu reconnaissance team. They were brought back to Nam Lieu by the team. There they were well-treated by the Americans for a time but eventually turned over to the Royal Lao government. According to sources close to the CIA the five were thrown into the Laotian equivalent of a "tiger's cage" -- a twelve-by-twelve-by-twelve foot pit exposed to the elements and without sanitation facilities -- and eventually executed.

Like most CIA operations in Laos, the one at Man Lieu is directed from a super-secret headquarters at Udorn airbase in Northeast Thailand. There are four Americans in Nam Lieu, however, headed by a veteran clandestine mercenary organizer named Anthony Poe. In addition to activities inside China, Poe and his team also work with hill tribesman in the area, organizing "SGU" (special guerilla units) and Thai Army which they direct at Xieng Lom south of Houei Sai on the Lao-Thai border.

Poe is an ex-Marine non-commissioned officer, wounded in landing at Iwo Jima, who remained in Asia after World War II. In the fifties he helped organize Tibetan CIA-aided insurgents, escorted them to Colorado for training and finally went back with them into Tibet. Later he worked in the Thai-Cambodian border area with the "Khmer Blue" anti-Sihanouk forces receiving assistance from the CIA, and in other parts of Thailand with other mercenary groups for a total of five years. He has been in and out of Laos since before the Geneva Accords of 1962, and was one of the first Americans involved in arming and training hill tribe paramilitary groups in Laos.

There are reasons to believe Poe's operations at Nam Lieu are just the tip of an iceberg of U.S. activities in China and Burma. Take for example:

--Sources close to the CIA report that the CIA is working with Shan mercenary groups moving into China from northern Burma. Ac-

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(THE Pennsylvania Ave. Plan) is not a People Plan. It offers a stale formula of static, sterile monumentality drawn from the so-called 'classical' models of Grecian, Roman and European capitals. It is insensitive to the very essence of the difference between those regal and imperial modes of government and our own form which stresses people and individual freedom. According to this plan, the heavy, authoritarian hand of the federal government would impose upon a city--torn by racial and class strife in quite serious measure during the last few years; struggling under the weight of a dwindling tax base; losing many of its beleaguered small and large businessmen from a downtown already too much characterized by vast stretches of parched monumentality which offer no oasis of human warmth to the stalwart patriots who flock to our capital by the millions each year--this plan would have the federal government arrogantly impose new tons of brick and mortar which are indifferent to our serious needs and our precarious stability and all in the name of celebrating our greatness as a people!

James O. Gibson, president of the
Metropolitan Washington Planning and
Housing Assn.

”



Maggie's Farm

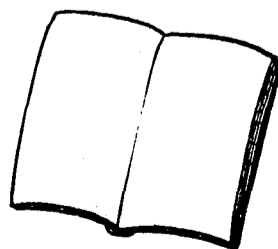
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THE CAMPAIGN: They're off!

SAM SMITH

IRONICALLY, for a city that finds itself so frequently at odds with southern politicians, the non-voting delegate race is destined to be garnished with some southern-style politics. In this one-party town, victory may not go to the man who gets the most votes, but rather to he who gets the last votes. With the likelihood of at least one run-off, and the possibility of two, this mostly-Democratic city is being put to an electoral endurance test. One almost suspects Congress of trying to kill us with kindness. The campaign worker who struggles through a primary, a primary run-off, a general election and then a general election run-off, may at the end be inclined to swear off democracy entirely. Actually, it is not a particularly democratic way of selecting public officials. By the time the last election is held, the final count will be a register of the number of those truly loyal to each candidate. The non-fanatic voter will have been lost along the way. John Lindsay's proposal for a preferential ballot, on which the voter would list his choices in order, would eliminate the need for run-off and would produce a fairer (and certainly less fatiguing) campaign.

But no one has ever accused Congress of trying to be fair to us. And first indications are that there are a sizable number of local figures who are more than willing to make the most of the situation.

The one with the easiest tactical problem is Channing Phillips. Phillips has a single-minded job; to win big in the Democratic primary and then to go on to win the general election. He has been a most predictable candidate ever since he became Democratic National Committeeman and he has had little trouble lining up the city's liberal establishment to support him. His backers include Bruce Terris, James Cheek, James Heller, Bill Simons, Lloyd Symington and Bill Treanor. And although the Democratic Central Committee has sworn neutrality in the race, some 80% of the committee have endorsed Channing as individuals.

Phillips has an extremely good image among white liberals who, because of their willingness to give time and money to their favorite candidates and their relatively high turn-out, will be an important factor even in this heavily black city. Most of these liberal voters are unaware, for example, of Phillips' extremely flacid approach to self-government (he pushed for the Nixon charter commission proposal, which some regarded as a considerable cop-out), nor do they care that he has never been a front line leader for change in the city. While Julius Hobson was taking on the school system, Reginald Booker the freeways, David Eaton the crime bill, Marion Barry the police, and Doug Moore the UGF, Phillips was back just far enough so he could claim participation but not get hit in the process.

The most dramatic comparison, perhaps, is the contrast of Phillips' behavior over the past few years with that of Bruce Terris, the chairman of the Democratic Central Committee, who has exercised extraordinary leadership in party affairs while Phillips was busy cultivating his image. Terris has been an articulate and omnipresent spokesman on numerous issues; Phillips has been articulate, but often hard to find. As a member of the Central Committee for the past two years, I have found my respect for Terris growing while being left with an increasingly mushy feeling about Channing. It probably has been good politics: Terris, being white, doesn't have much of a political future here and can afford to take risks, leaving the respectable liberalism to Phillips.

The most difficult problem is that posed to the Commissioner, Mr. Washington. Washington first must decide whether he is going to run or not. I am inclined to feel that he will be sorely tempted to make the race, recognizing that his hold on his present job is tenuous at best. There isn't much security for Washington at the District Building, and with his single-man constituency at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue

THE Gazette welcomes articles and letters concerning the non-voting delegate race, including those reflecting a radical or liberal perspective but at odds with our own viewpoint. Copy should be typed double-spaced and should be less than 1000 words in length. Send to DC Gazette, 109 8th St., NE, DC 20002. Deadline for next issue: Oct. 11.

wavering in its support, the appeal of the delegate seat must be substantial. A race against Phillips in the Democratic primary would be risky at best; it would involve meeting Channing on his home turf. A general election race as an independent would conserve the Commissioner's strength, bring in Republican and unaligned voters, shorten the amount of time his opponents would have to attack him, and help to rationalize his rather non-Democratic behavior in office. Washington can count on strong middle-class support in both the white and black communities, but Phillips, especially, can undercut that support by reminding the voters where Walter has stood (or avoided standing) on freeways, home rule, Vietnam, the crime bill, housing and economic development.

Then there is Doug Moore who has promised to "raise a little divine hell" if elected. The chairman of the Black United Front, who exudes a blend of wit of jugular aggressiveness, is by no means as unappealing a candidate as the daily press has made him appear. He is campaigning on a platform that would appeal to many District residents, if the local media would bother to tell them about it: free government-subsidized and operated day care centers; unpromising and strict enforcement of all housing codes; rights and human dignity for welfare mothers; adequate funding for Federal City College; defense of the sanctity of each person's home against unlawful entry; an end to the war in Vietnam; an economic development commis-

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ART: Mary Cassatt

ANDREA O. COHEN

"I'd sooner see you in Hell," is how Mary Cassatt's father allegedly welcomed her plan to pursue an artistic career in Paris.

It is safe to say that had Mary Cassatt not gone abroad she would have remained a conventional, well-bred Philadelphia lady regarded by friends and relatives as an eccentric woman painter. She would have passed on, and been passed over, without distinction. Not only would America have forfeited one of its greatest painters (man or woman), but a treasure trove of Impressionist paintings as well. It was through Miss Cassatt and her influence on the Havermeyer Collection (now mostly at the Metropolitan in New York) that innumerable works of European art came to this country which otherwise would not have. Her work is on display at the National Gallery through November 8.

One of Mary Cassatt's biographers, Frederick Sweet, asks how a young American woman of "impeccable background" could have had the audacity to become an artist in Paris in the 1870's, and then answers his own question: "She was a person of such character and determination that she would have had the temerity to do anything that she firmly believed in." A contemporary Main Line Philadelphia artist, George Biddle, characterized Miss Cassatt as "one of the most vital, highminded, dedicated and prejudiced human beings I have ever known."

Mary Cassatt studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (the oldest art school and museum in America) at a time when both the learning and teaching of art in this country were unproductive, sterile exercises, and it was a matter of course for aspiring young American artists to go abroad. Unlike her peers, however, Mary Cassatt joined no established academy once in Europe, remained largely self-taught and disdained facile young painters who came to Paris and picked up a "style" in a matter of months.

Traveling first to Parma, Mary Cassatt came upon the work of Correggio, which she studied for eight months. Then she moved on to the Prado in Spain where she discovered and absorbed Ruben's paintings. Once in Paris, Miss Cassatt was early disillusioned by the French Salon, home of the traditionalists, and through Degas was introduced to the Impressionists. While the public

ridiculed the Impressionists for their use of contemporary and common subjects, light tones, brilliant color and broad strokes, Mary Cassatt saw in their experiments a groping toward what she herself was attempting. Derisively labelled Impressionists because of Monet's painting, "Impression: Sunrise," the group called themselves "Les Independents," and it was their independence from authority--no juries, no medals, no awards, no limitations of personal expression--which appealed most to the headstrong, no longer so young Miss Cassatt. In her aversion to organizations, she refused every prize and honor later awarded her. She deferred to no one, with the possible exception of Degas, a man as self-assured, irascible, spirited and critical as herself. By 1882, the Impressionists were quarreling among themselves and both Degas and Cassatt withdrew from their exhibitions.

Though strongly influenced by Impressionism, Mary Cassatt towed no lines and by the 1890's became increasingly captivated by the Oriental art which began trickling into Europe after Commodore Perry's excursion to Japan. She developed a personal art of color printing, influenced by Japanese graphics but very different from them in technique.

During her lifetime, Mary Cassatt was profoundly appreciated by European artists. Marcel Midy, the great Parisian collector, ventured that "le grand peintre americain est Mary Cassatt," and others concurred. Miss Cassatt was saddened by the fact that her countrymen were less impressed--or more backward.

Ironically, this free-spirited, uncompromising painter remained personally and emotionally the prim Philadelphia spinster of her generation and never had any "romantic entanglements." Today her superbly successful career might be chalked off to a fortuitous sublimation of a character disorder, and that would have validity were it couched in less offensive jargon.

Although Mary Cassatt's subjects were always people, she had difficulties with members of the species. She adored the children she painted so movingly, but not after they were old enough to talk back. She had one close woman friend, Mrs. Louise Havermeyer, but quarrelled with her over a misunderstanding in later years, which

ended the relationship. Otherwise she had little use for women.

Mary Cassatt's last years were sad and lonely. Deprived of friends by deaths and then of her eyesight, first partially and then totally, she became embittered, cantankerous and bitchy. Perhaps it was a momentary disillusionment that impelled her to say: "After all, women's vocation in life is to bear children." Or, maybe, her straightlaced singlemindedness deprived her of fulfillment; even to her painting it imparted a rigidity. Nonetheless, she accomplished, and as Marcel Midy said: "le peintre americain est Mary Cassatt," and that "peintre" was a woman, which leaves food for thought.



"Two Children at the Seashore," 1884, by Mary Cassatt. National Gallery of Art, Ailsa Mellon Bruce Collection

At the Free Clinic

A PHONOGRAPH gives out with a now vintage Beatie tune, "I Wanta Hold Your Hand." The record changes and it's the JFK Inaugural Address. A green-suited guru with a purple and yellow head stares down from the wall. There are "Easy Rider" and "Romeo and Juliet" posters and one that says "Black Is Beautiful, Black and On Stuff Isn't."

In one corner facing the room full of shabby worn chairs and couches is a table laden with bread. Comic books are strewn about the room. A fan is the only source of circulation. People stream into the room, a young, pretty seventeen-year-old girl who is obviously pregnant and a strong-out guy with his girl sticking close by.

The scene is not a commune on N Street. It's the Washington Free Clinic, located at Wisconsin and Volta Streets, N.W. in the basement of Georgetown Lutheran Church.

The two-year-old Clinic's services include medical and legal aid and draft, abortion, pediatric and psychiatric counselling. Run by a dedicated team of volunteers, plus three paid administrators, the Clinic sees between forty-five and sixty people every weekday night from 6:30 to 11:00 p.m. -- this despite a chronic lack of funds and equipment.

The Free Clinic is dependent entirely on contributions. It received a \$5000 grant from the Stern Family Foundation in the fall of 1969 which was promptly spent for equipment. Last year American University staged a benefit and this year the underground newspaper Quicksilver Times raised some money with a quiet rock concert. Some donations are picked up at the Clinic itself from those few who can afford it.

Survival of the Clinic also rests strongly upon the gifts of drugs and equipment from area doctors who sometimes make contributions when

they leave the Washington area. The D.C. Public Health Service contributes nearly all the penicillin and helps with the clinical testing of blood and urine specimens.

The sparseness of facilities, however, does not seem to daunt the spirit or efforts of the approximately 200 volunteer nurses, doctors, social workers, clergy, lab technicians, clerical helpers, lawyers, etc. who man the Clinic. The one major binding force is, as Dr. Laurence H. Miller, a volunteer and National Institutes of Health dermatologist, describes it, an empathy with the Clinic's clientele. Many volunteers are former Clinic users.

Many who come for services offered here cannot afford to go anywhere else, and their parents may indeed balk at their condition, be it venereal disease, pregnancy, drugs, or trouble with the law. Dr. Miller spoke of the Clinic's belief in the avoidance of hassles with the patients and the types of confrontations found with visits to family doctors, who often give details to parents.

As another physician puts it, "we don't moralize. What's the use of telling a kid he's got VD--you know damn well he's going right out and do it again." The Free Clinic's helpers don't attempt to put down the life style characteristic of many of those who walk in. Without appearing to show any disdain Dr. Miller observed, "these kids grew up in affluence and now they're bored with it. . . . These kids will be fine ten years from now."

Marty Weiler, an abortion counselor, described her position at the Clinic as a "woman to woman thing." She spoke of the need here to be "non-

judgemental," to spread out the alternatives and consequences of an abortion.

Marty feels the experience of coming for abortion counselling is not only practical but educational in that many girls realize they are women and can not shirk the responsibility of their bodies. She has observed that some of the girls whom she counsels grow up fast because of the total experience.

In its non-hassle atmosphere the Free Clinic has become a resounding success, with more patients than it can handle but with hope for the future that there will be more funds and even more volunteers. One of the three paid administrators, Alex Fox, projects "street first-aid teams" who would be on-call to help at any time. Alex hopes the Clinic can expand its hours to Saturday.

Lab administrator Gene Hall sees the Clinic improving its present capacity to the point where it treats 100 people each night. Gene says he has watched the Clinic closely over the past months and observed that the teamwork here is getting better and better, though the staff itself may not be gaining in numbers.

At the present time the Free Clinic is prevented from expanding too much because it needs more volunteers and money. It has to turn away people, much to its dismay, perhaps because the Free Clinic and Runaway House (at 18th and Riggs Pl. NW) are the only Washington area agencies who treat teenagers without parental permission.

So far the Clinic has had no difficulty with the "Emancipated Minor" law which in effect says that a person is no longer a minor once he has left home and supported himself. Most users of the Clinic are under twenty-one.

(Please turn to page 8)

Reprinted from the George Washington University Hatchet.

ECOLOGY: Simplifying nature, complicating survival

PAULA AYERS

LET'S start at the beginning. Healthy soil is alive with microorganisms. The microorganisms eating humus produce acids which gradually make soluble minerals so that plant roots can absorb them.

Under natural conditions, humus is not depleted because decomposing leaves and plants replenish the soil. But humans are usually annoyed by the untidiness of nature. Longing for law and order, we devise simple destructive systems, forgetting that 'complexity is stability.'

Overlooking the interaction between leaves and soil, we rake them into piles and burn them, polluting the air. We flush valuable organic matter down toilets or grind it in kitchen disposals, thereby adding to river pollution. We plow straight furrows (increasing erosion) and eradicate weeds (which bring minerals from the subsoil to the topsoil via their extra long roots).

Chemists have over simplified soil nutrition by relying primarily on three chemicals: nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium ("NPK"). These chemicals will give quick results by stimulating the growth of microorganisms. The breakdown of organic matter is speeded up, with short term increases in production. However, as the organic matter is used up, the soil is exhausted, and yields drop.

Also, once the plants are no longer getting trace minerals (missing in NPK mixtures), they develop plant deficiencies--discoloration, distortion, weak stalks etc. A weak plant is very susceptible to fungi and bugs. To us, fungi and bugs are automatically evil. Yet they are only doing their job, breaking down living plants incapable of healthful life. Microorganisms in the soil not only provide access to the trace minerals which keep plants strong, they produce natural antibiotics protecting the plant from diseases.

Healthy plants aren't as tasty to insects as sickly ones are, so those harsh non-species-specific poisons aren't required. Further, when insect sprays aren't used, beneficial bugs like preying mantises and lady bugs aren't killed off. These helpful bugs are rough on pest insects but don't harm fish or birds, you or me. Pest insects can't build immunity to their natural predators, as they can to man-made chemicals.

For more on insecticides and herbicides, read *Silent Spring* (Rachel Carlsen, 75¢) and *The Pesticide Jungle* (Laura Tallian, \$1.50) and get really depressed about the avarice of industry, the conniving and/or apathy of government and the gullibility of consumers. Remember that as they ban DDT, newer and more potent chemicals take its place. (You cigarette smokers should especially worry about the pesticide residues on tobacco. Foreign companies have stopped using American tobacco, it's so saturated that it gums up the machines. There are few limits imposed on the spraying of tobacco because it isn't a food.)

Another example of human simplification is planting acres and acres of one crop, or having only elm trees in a town, or planting the same crop year after year. Diversifying crops pre-

vents population explosions of "bad" insects and prevents the easy spread of species-specific plant diseases (i.e. Dutch elm disease).

Likewise, discing, mulching, and composting land mimics nature, while deep plowing disrupts the balance. A compost heap is just a glorified forest floor; a composted vegetable garden is an edible meadow.

Compost, by the way, doesn't smell bad if properly prepared. It is made from vegetable cuttings, leaves, manure, apple cores etc. which are either mixed with humus-rich soil in a heap or spread on the ground for sheet composting. After aging for some months (compost heaps generate enough heat from the action of the microorganisms to keep them warm all winter), a sweet-smelling soil is produced which not only puts minerals back into the land but provides humus for microorganisms and earthworms.

Contrast the above with "pure" chemical fertilizers saturating the soil. They disturb trace mineral absorption, provide no humus for microorganisms, leach out quickly in rain and soon thereafter pollute our streams and rivers.

Some nutritionists persist in claiming that dirt is dirt and that all carrots have nearly the same nutritional value. Experience shows otherwise. A friend of mine in California put together a cereal that is balanced in minerals, vitamins, amino acids and fatty acids (he calls it Harmony Grits). It has more than thirty ingredients, from sunflower seeds and dates to 6 grains and flax seeds. He used government food analyses to work out the balance. But when he sent a batch of his all-organic cereal to the lab, they found the mineral and vitamin content to be as much as 100 times that of the averages listed in government books, which are based on chemically-grown foods.

Chemicals added to food are either for promoting long shelf life or for simulating quality. Each year you eat three pounds of non-food additives. The *Poisons in Your Food* (William Longgood, paperback) lists the additives and their effects on test animals and innocent consumers. Don't think that buying whole grain bread instead of Polka Dot Bread is safe. It takes five times as much preservative to give whole wheat bread a proper shelf life. A friend told me another unpleasant fact: some imitation whipped cream in an aerosol can accidentally spilled on an upholstered chair and went through the Scotchgard, leaving a mark as though bleach had spilled there.

In trying to simplify nature and make it more efficient, humans have only complicated survival. We have tried to cheat nature by taking more out of the soil than we are returning. It's actually easier and more efficient (and, of course more enjoyable) to work within nature.

The *Whole Earth Catalog* suggests three principles:

- Everything is connected to everything.
 - Everything's got to go somewhere.
 - There's no such thing as a free lunch.
- We can't ignore these laws much longer. For, as Paul Ehrlich says, "Nature bats last."

Concerning Channing

MALCOLM KOVACS

DC DEMOCRATIC Party leader Channing Phillips has announced that he is running for the new job of Congressional "boy," the District's non-voting delegate to be elected next year. Phillips' intention to cop in is regrettable but revealing: it indicates that he is apparently more interested in the personal taste of the illusion of power than fighting for real representation. Phillips will no doubt be a good black liberal candidate (more like Shirley Chisholm than Berkeley's Ronald Dellum). He will certainly face heavy opposition from the city's status quo Negro bourgeoisie (Anita Allen, Walter Washington and many more) as well as the white business community, which can't tell the difference between black democrats and Black Panthers.

The DC Democratic Committee supported the non-voting delegate bill in the belief that it

will be an important first step towards full representation and home rule for the District. If Channing Phillips is elected, however, he will probably be a vocal and frequent (tho voteless) spokesman for the District's needs, thereby confirming to the white racist leadership on the House and Senate District Committees (who come from Maryland as well as the South, and some of whom call themselves Northern liberals) that it's much too dangerous to give those uppity Washington niggers a real vote like theirs.

A further irony in all this is that the DC Elections Board is going to encourage registration of DC's 18 year olds for this election. This will probably make DC one of the country's first jurisdictions which allows 18 year olds to vote. But to vote for what--for a delegate who can't vote!

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Doping kids to keep them quiet

JOHN HOLT

In an astonishing and horrifying story in the NATIONAL OBSERVER (July 6, 1970) about the doping of school children to keep them quiet, I read that "researchers estimate that from 5 to 15 percent of all elementary school children suffer from a learning malady called hyperkinesis." What, in plain English, are the facts behind this impressively scientific-sounding statement? They are very simple. Children have a great deal of energy; they like to move about; they live and learn with their muscles and bodies, not just their eyes and ears; when adults try to compel them to remain still and silent for long periods of time they resent and resist it; most of them can be cowed and silenced by various bribes and threats; 5 to 15 percent cannot. These we diagnose as suffering from "a learning malady called hyperkinesis."

How can we begin to confront this extraordinary notion? One way might be to ask ourselves, how do children behave during those years of their lives when, according to almost everyone who has studied their learning, they learn more rapidly and permanently than at any other time? Do they sit still and quiet, and wait for people to tell or show them things? They do not. They constantly move about, investigating at first hand, and with all their senses and in all possible ways, every part that they can reach of the world around them. Do we say that the baby or infant, busily exploring and experimenting, hardly ever still except when asleep, is suffering from "a learning malady called hyperkinesis"? We do not. We recognize that he is an extraordinarily able learner and that his learning grows out of his activity. Indeed, we have much evidence to show that a child who in babyhood and infancy is deprived of the chance to move about and explore on his own may later have a great deal of trouble in learning. How then, and why, do we decide that the energy and activity that in a three year old is appropriate, necessary, and valuable, must in a six year old be considered as a disease? The answer is very simple. We consider it a disease because it makes it difficult to run our schools as we do, like maximum security prisons, for the comfort and convenience of the teachers and administrators who work in them. The energy of children is "bad" because it is a nuisance to the exhausted and overburdened adults who do not want to or know how to and are not able to keep up with it.

We hear Dr. James H. Satterfield, a Los Angeles psychiatrist and director of Gateway Hospital's Hyperactive Children's Clinic, saying "The school system is usually the best place to identify hyperkinesis. The teachers are usually the first to recognize that the child has something wrong with him." He adds that he sees no problem of abuse in drug therapy. Suppose I were to order Dr. Satterfield under the threat of heavy penalties to sit absolutely still, without even changing his position, and neither speaking nor making any sound without my permission, for many hours of the day, not just one day but about 180 days out of the year. How would he react to this demand? He would surely resist in whatever way he could. Suppose I then announced that his reluctance or refusal to obey my orders showed that he was suffering from a malady called "hyperkinesis", and that for his own good, and whether he liked it or not, I was going to dose him with some powerful drug to make him more compliant. What then? As soon as he could, he would probably have me arrested and locked up as some kind of dangerous and criminal lunatic. And most reasonable men would think him quite right to do so.

There is worse yet. The story tells us of a school nurse who said to a National Education Conference in San Francisco, "I was talking with two fifth-grade pupils, and I could tell that this was their problem. I told these kids that I knew they couldn't be still or sit through class, and that they weren't trying to be bad. They broke down and cried. It's really tragic." Grotesque would be a better word. Consider what we do. We say to children that it is a crime to speak or move, or even to want to. Then we say that in telling them this we are acting only for their good, that we really care about them, love them; and we are so good at fooling them (and even ourselves) about this that they weep tears of sorrow, shame, and remorse. If only they could be worthy of our great love! And we, to console them, tell them that their badness — nothing more serious in fact than not wanting to sit still — is not really their own fault. It is almost as if a man being flogged should beg pardon of the man flogging him for bothering him with his screams.

Our crackpot psychologists (Skinner, McConnell, et al) have been day-dreaming for years about the total control of other men's behavior. McConnell has said more recently that since our personalities are not our own, but are determined by circumstances out of our control, there is no reason why, if our personality proves unpleasant or troublesome to society — i.e. those in power, including presumably McConnell — we should object to being given a "new" one. Apparently we are already beginning to practice these nightmarish fantasies on our children. It is time to call a sharp halt to this dirty and inhuman business.

Reprinted from New Schools Exchange

MEDIA: Fade to black

THOMAS SHALES

ANNOUNCER: "Make Room for Granddaddy" will not be seen tonight so that we can bring you the following special program.

PRESIDENT NIXON: I'm glad you asked me that question. Let me just say this. As long as I am President of the United States, Main Street USA is not going to turn into Smut Alley. I want to make one thing crystal--

ANNOUNCER: We'll be back with President Nixon in a moment. But FIRST-- (cut to film of two little boys rolling in the mud, then to shot of mother watching from kitchen window).

MOTHER: What's a mother to do? (An inordinately handsome man appears).

I. H. MAN: Mrs. Ferguson--have you tried Purge? It gets those white things really white. Really, really, really white--not ecky, yucky black.

MOTHER: Why, no, I-- (They embrace and fall writhing to the floor).

LITTLE BOYS (entering muddy): Mommy! Mommy!

ANNOUNCER: We'll be back with the little boys in a moment. But first--

ROY ROGERS: Hello, this is Roy Rogers. I've never done a TV commercial before. But I've got something to say to all you men out there. All you real men (Roy whips out a pistol). Now let's talk about genital odor.

ANNOUNCER: More of Roy Rogers in a moment. But first--

WRINKLED WIFE (to suspiciously handsome husband): Oh hello, dear, how was your day at the office?

S. H. HUSBAND: Buzz off. (Wife gasps, frowns)

SOOTHING VOICE: How long has it been since your husband made you feel like a woman? A real woman? Maybe you need Blondness, the way to lighter, brighter hair--and a new life for you.

WRINKLED WIFE (2 weeks later and now

wrinkle-free): Oh hello, dear, how was your day at the office?

HUSBAND (tearing her dress to shreds): I want you, I want you...

ANNOUNCER: Give--the United Way.

BILLY GRAHAM: Hello, this is Billy Graham. I've never done a TV commercial before. But I've got something to say to all the men in our audience....

(Cut to husband, wife, and phenomenally cute little girl getting into family car).

SOOTHING VOICE: You wouldn't want anything to hurt them, would you? You wouldn't want them to live in a world of (pregnant pause) AIR POLLUTION. That's why all of us folks--your friends and neighbors--here at Gasso are making new lead-free gasoline for your car. (Cut to shot of little girl sleeping in back seat of moving car and holding preposterously cute teddy bear. She has freckles). Remember, at Gasso, we don't care about making excess profits or oil depletion allowances. We care about You, about your Loved Ones, about your Sons and Daughters, your woods and templed hills....

(Suddenly, 2 front wheels of Detroit-made car fall off, sending family over a cliff, where they crash head-on into a strip mining machine and are all killed instantly).

PRESIDENT NIXON: Now I'm glad you asked me that question. Let me say this. As long as I am President, Hometown USA is not going to become Sin City....

ANNOUNCER: We'll be back with Amerigo Vespucci in a moment. But first--(a shapely blonde is standing near a swimming pool. She is wearing a tight bikini. Suddenly a husky boy, wearing a tight bikini, grabs her from behind, wrestles her to the ground, rips off the top of her suit, and locks his mouth around her left breast. With his other hand, he removes the

(Please turn to page 11)



RICHARDSON TUTORIAL PROGRAM

DROP IN and help these kids before they DROP OUT!

Youngsters in northeast Washington need your help! They're having trouble in school. Mainly because of low reading levels.

The Richardson Program, now 7 years old, desperately needs volunteers this year.

No experience necessary. Carpools arranged.

One night a week is all you have to give!

For full information -- call Pete Dunbar, 543-8240 or Jim Hristakos, 338-4271.

Call today. Please....

How About Coming out And Help Tutor. Some of the Children That Need it, We need your Help.

MOVIES: Short takes

JOEL E. SIEGEL

THE movies are in big trouble. The summer has not produced a single new film strong enough to attract the mass audience. Local theatre operators are booking wildly, trying something new almost every week, but nothing, apart from pornography, seems to work. (As an index to despair, the Palace has brought back the 1963 *Gone Are The Days* and is trying to palm it off as a new movie called *The Man From C.O.T.T.O.N.*) And things are soon going to be worse. By the end of this month, theatres should be feeling the effects of last spring's Hollywood shutdowns. In times like these, moviegoers aren't eager to plunk down an absurd \$3.25 for yet another bummer. A reviewer without a daily column can not possibly keep up with the accelerated movie turnover but I suppose he must try. For the next few columns, I'll cover as many movies as possible in capsule reviews. I'm afraid that most of the following films will have been replaced by the time this reaches you but the better ones will surely surface again at the Circle or at the neighborhoods.

More and more it strikes me that the late Joe Orton was the most individualistic and most accomplished playwright to appear in our language in the past decade. His desperate comedies--Bosch paintings of Wilde plays--are not for the faint of heart; anybody who has ever said "This is no time to make jokes" should put as much distance as possible between himself and Orton's work. His first horror comedy, *The Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, has been filmed by Douglas Hickox and though Orton remains very much a theatre talent--the essential life of his work is verbal--the film serves as a surprisingly accurate introduction to the playwright's world.

Beryl Reid is superbly grotesque as the sex-starved spinster who takes in (and is taken in by)

the dubious Mr. Sloane. Crammed into a see-through mini-dress and stuffed into stiletto-heeled pumps, Miss Reid (perhaps atoning for her sickly-cute Sister George) selflessly embodies Orton's hostile, homosexually-oriented idea of woman. (And how the actress revels in those sublimely depraved Orton lines. "I've had an upbringing that a nun would envy. Until I was 15, I knew Africa better than I knew my own body.") Harry Andrews, acting for the first time in ages, is crafty as her barely repressed homosexual brother and Alan Webb is memorably dotty as their senile father who is, none the less, the only character in the film within fifty miles of sanity. Peter McEnery isn't quite physically equipped to play the sadistic, sexual opportunist Sloane, but he is talented enough to survive the miscasting. Director Hickox, making his feature debut, is not about to win any awards for distinguished filmmaking; the color photography is fussy and of variable quality, the lighting shoddy and the soundtrack marred by several inappropriately cute song passages by Georgie Fame. But Orton manages to come through nicely nonetheless and the film will more than do until his masterpiece, *What The Butler Saw*, opens at the Arena Stage come spring.

Bo Widerberg's *Raven's End* has recently come and gone at the Biograph. It is a deeply felt, autobiographical film by the young Swedish director whose next picture, *Elvira Madigan*, was to make him an international success. (Rather a shame since *Raven's End* is vastly superior.) A portrait of the artist as a young man in agony, *Raven's End* is old-fashioned in the very best way, filled to brimming with fully developed characters and a strong sense of milieu. You should keep an eye out for its possible return.

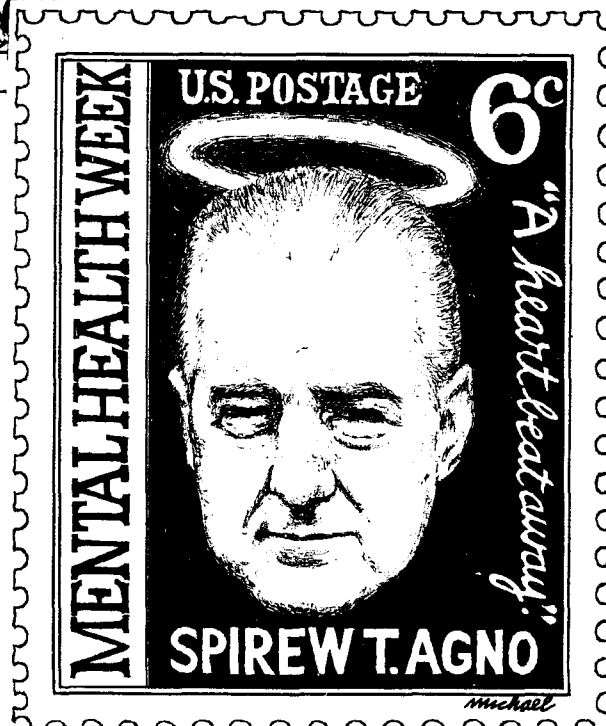
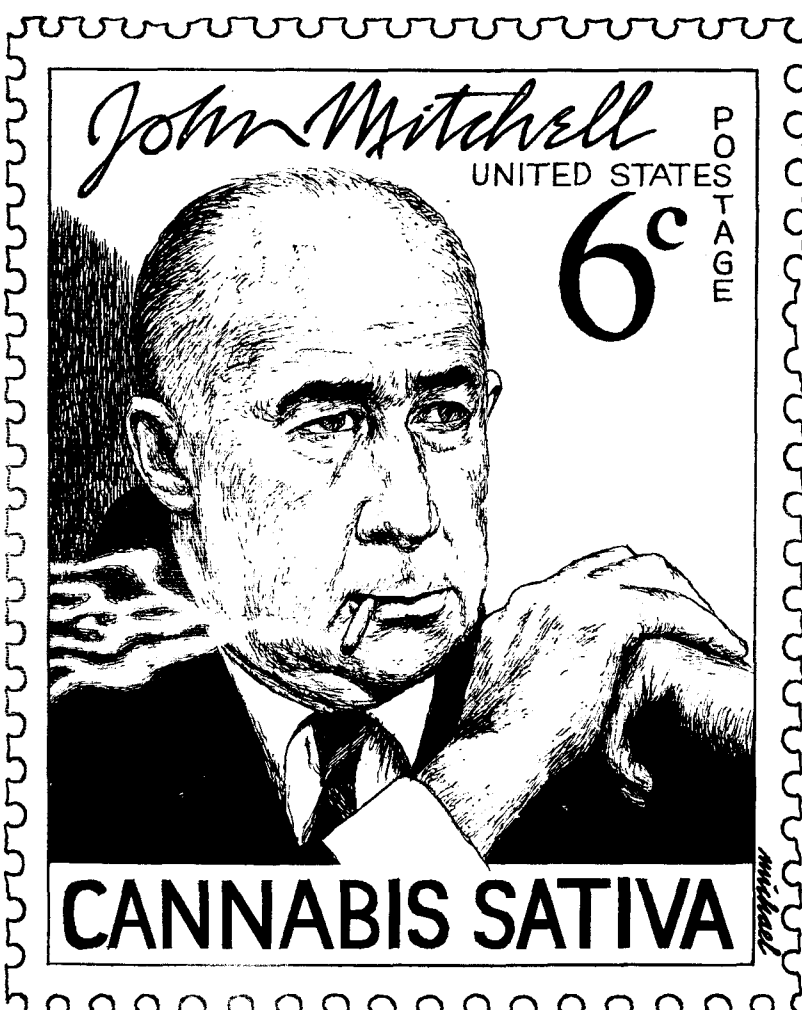
Vincente Minnelli has given us so many

great entertainments (*Meet Me In St. Louis*, *The Bandwagon*, *The Pirate*) that one hates to come down very hard on his recent, enervated work. *On A Clear Day* isn't a good movie at all but there are moments with enough visual elegance to remind us of the director in his prime. In any case, the film is far more pleasant than most reviewers have indicated. Of course, no movie could survive the simpering banality of Alan Jay Lerner's screenplay or Yves Montand's doltish performance--the matinee idol as blood-shot, boiled owl. Barbra Streisand remains a problem; there is no present-day performer with more raw talent and less discipline. At moments she is unspeakably crude; at others, she can take your breath away. Three or four times in the film, Streisand hints at the delicate things she might someday achieve if somebody could persuade her to tone down her repulsive mannerisms and do something about her singing. Those moments nearly redeem the film which is also distinguished by some striking Minnelli decors, a pretty, time-lapse floral prologue featuring the pleasant Lane-Lerner song "Hurry, It's Lovely Up Here," and, underneath Montand's moronic rendering (I should say "rending") of "Come Back To Me," some of the finest shots ever taken of New York City--the last work of the lamented Henry Stradling.

I have read six or seven savage pans of Richard Fleischer's *Tora Tora Tora* but none has begun to convey a sense of the film's wonderously total crumminess. I walked out after about two hours and, indeed, would probably not have lasted two minutes had I not been accompanied by a friend who insisted that he could sit through anything in color on a wide screen. (*Tora Tora Tora* turned out to be, as they say, the exception which proves the rule.) The obvious jokes about America building bigger bombs just won't do this time. Perhaps if we all vow to say nothing more about it, it will, like an old soldier, just fade away.

New issues

JOEL G. MICHAEL



(LNS)

Clinic cont'd

Part of the reason the Clinic does not have to deal with irate parents is that it does not actually perform operations, give abortions, or offer methadone. In those cases requiring more than first-aid, prescribed medicines, and inoculations, the Clinic recommends hospitals, usually George Washington University Hospital or DC General.

Drug problems are referred to Colonel Hassan's Black Man's Development Center or the Rap Center, a therapeutic service in

a commune situation. Abortions are referred to doctors in the area.

In essence the Free Clinic provides a link between services for those who are alienated from the Establishment, either by their own design or someone else's. The Free Clinic's volunteers, such as John Friedriches, a conscientious objector who is an administrator, like to think of the Clinic as a brother to those who have nowhere else to go. Even for a hot meal which somehow miraculously is served each evening.

PUBLISHERS BOOST MIDI A film has been prepared by the American Newspaper Publishers Assn., aimed at teaching retail merchants how to foist the midi on customers through newspaper advertising. Proper illustration will be important. The film advises, "length, without over-accentuation, dramatization through exaggeration; the right proportions for the newly important parts of the female form -- these are the basic guidelines to presenting the new look in its most favorable light."

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

THE first days of fall are pleasant business. The gauze of noxious gas that stretches over the city all summer is suddenly pulled away permitting the sun a rare chance to lounge unimpeded against the sides of buildings or ricochet off spires. The air conditioner's monotone is finally silenced. The hint of a chill is gently repulsed by a friendly jacket. Paces quicken, minds lighten and smiles come more easily. The best thing that ever happens in Washington is the end of the summer.

A few weeks ago I had veered close to leaving this town. Part of the inclination was rational: there is, after all, little hope for the senile metropolis that inordinately absorb our finances, distort our lives, kill our children and grind us into smooth featureless abstractions of men. Those of us who piddle around in the 'urban crisis' are just so many orderlies in a terminal cancer ward. We can't cure anything, only help mitigate disaster--a valuable service, yet sometimes psychically carcinogenic to the performer. Sometime we must escape in large numbers--to new towns, old towns, empty land, anywhere where man can start again with his own foibles his major handicap rather than having to overcome the urban labyrinth of failure that expands geometrically with time.

Part of the desire, too, was in the gut. I have loved Maine for more than twenty years, but I was educated to respect the city and to elevate respect above love. After driving through 400 miles of throat-grasping asthmatic fallout from the urban east coast on my way to spend a few weeks in Maine this summer, I found I could no longer retain the pretense of respect. I felt a desperate urge to love rather than admire, to thrive rather than survive, to enjoy rather than just experience. As my vacation passes its way, I found fewer reasons for returning to Washington; and while habit brought me back, I struggled as mightily as I ever had to accept or break a habit.

When I expressed my doubts, I was asked what I intended to do in Maine. That is the favorite inquiry in Washington: what do you do? I couldn't answer the question; I had only worked myself to the point of beginning to recognize what I wanted to be; how it was to be done seemed a question of secondary importance, a mechanical matter like knowing that you wish to proceed to the west coast but being uncertain as to whether you would drive, go by bus, or take a plane. It annoyed me, that question, but because I could not meet it, I found my inclination wavering.

And the friends. Friends are more important than place, it was suggested. I wanted to accept the argument, yet wondered whether the city didn't pollute friendships like everything else. I counted the friends I hadn't seen or corresponded with for months because I was so busy doing something so important by the standards of the so busy, so important city. Yet I also counted the number I would miss should I leave.

Then, somewhere along the line, inertia took over. The old fights once again distracted me from introspection. After all, I couldn't leave as long as they were trying to force the North Central Freeway down our throats; the President had come up with a grotesque proposal for Pennsylvania Ave., there was trouble up on 14th Street because the city had forgotten everything it was meant to have learned two years ago. The fact that whatever any of us did was probably ultimately futile began to seem less im-

portant. Once again, specifics overwhelmed generalities. I was back changing bed pans in the ward.

The change in the weather made it much easier. It is harder to feel angry, frustrated and helpless here in the fall. Yet I still feel that the bravest and best Americans may be those who leave the city to build new communities. The most sensible place to create a better Washington is somewhere else. But few are ready to make the change. The roof leaks, the plaster crumbles, the termites undermine the joists. We stay here together, through another season, and tell ourselves that if we can only get enough money, enough expertise, enough will, the structure can be rehabilitated. How long, I wonder, can we feed ourselves on hypotheses?

THE President, as he reminds us whenever he finds it useful, was raised a Quaker, so he may have heard of the remark of one Friend to another: "Everyone's crazy except thee and me . . . and sometimes I wonder about thee." It's a story that comes to mind as Richard the Ly-ing Hearted and the Baltimore Bubble Machine press their campaign for a righteous nation, united under Billy Graham and the Grand Old Party. There is a certain danger in the missionary spirit; driving too hard, the preacher may leave the congregation behind and find himself arriving at the gates of his heaven pretty much alone.

Nixon and Agnew have judged the spirit of adult America to be something akin to a frontier western town in which Cotton Mather is the sheriff, minister and mayor. They've sensed a desire for a stern morality sternly enforced--against shiftless blacks, anarchistic students, and dirty old men diverting the gross national product to skin flicks. It is not a totally erroneous reading of the American ethos. Our capacity for violence, prudery and intense distrust of anyone who doesn't live in the manner to which we pretend often seems fathomless. But there are ambivalences in this culture and one senses that the President, the Vice President and men like the head of the Holy Office, Mr. Chotiner, are not particularly aware of the limits of the American's desire for moral authoritarianism. There is, to cite a few homely examples, the racist who enjoys picking up a copy of *Torrid Tales*, the fundamentalist on pot, the hardhat who would welcome socialized medicine, the system's elderly rejects who care neither for tometose troublemakers nor for short-haired legislators refusing to increase social security benefits.

From the earliest days, we have been a nation of great pretenders. The authority on early New England, Perry Miller, once noted that the Puritans would go to services to writhe in the aisles and then return home to writhe together. We're still doing it. Maybe not Richard Nixon, maybe not Spiro Agnew, but there are millions who, as Mahalia Jackson sings it, "go to church, shout all day Sunday; then go home, get drunk on Monday."

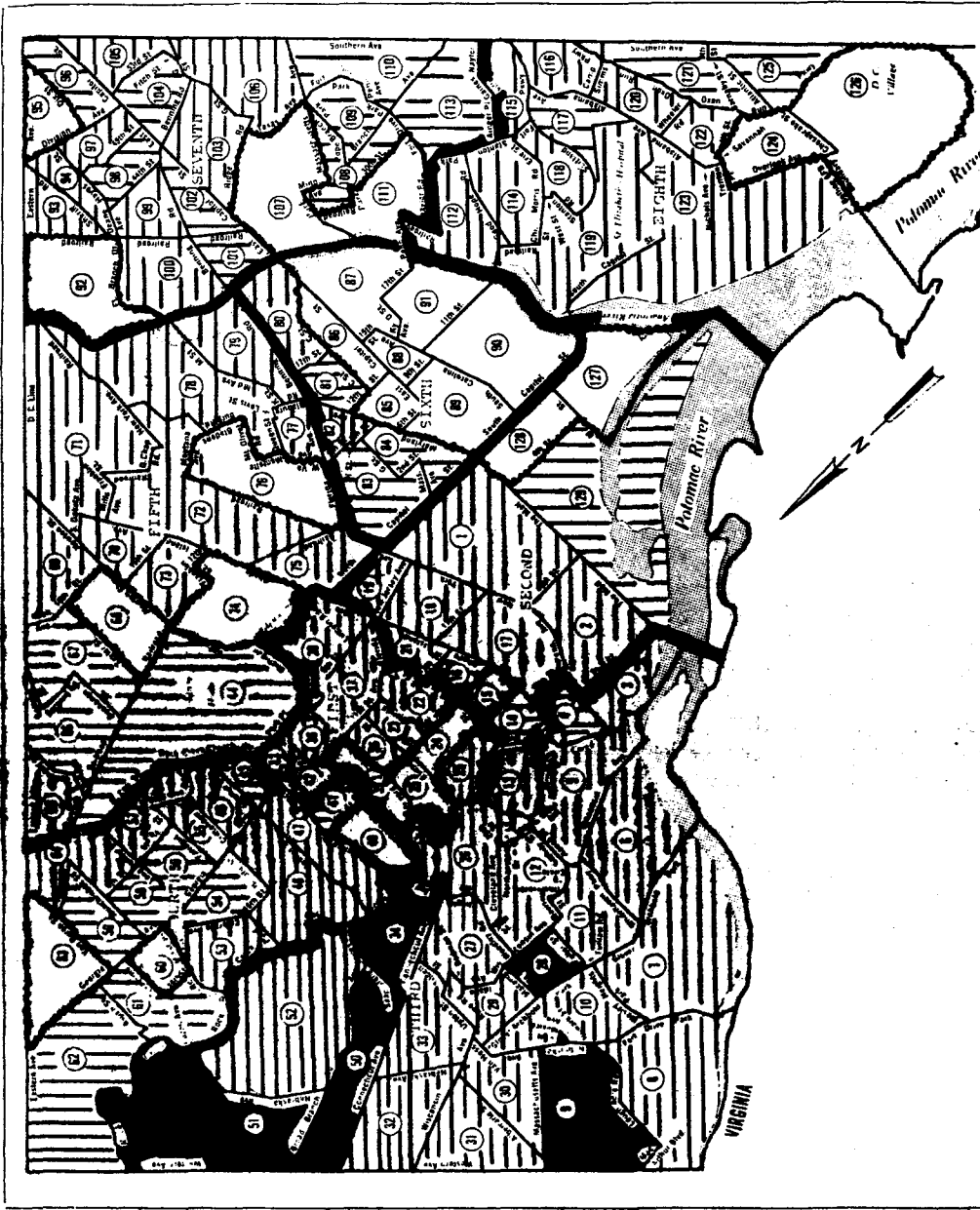
The danger facing our most prominent pair of national chastity hucksters is that they may try to make us better than we want to be. It may be true that the nation is not nearly ready

for the sort of relief from repressive sex laws recommended by the commission on pornography, but neither are we ready for a return to the Watch and Ward Society. The commission member who has been most virulently attacking the report, with support from the White House, came to puberty about fifty years too late. Porno-politics undoubtedly has some appeal, particularly in some of the more fundie regions of the country. But the battle to outlaw sex has been a slow defeat by attrition for the moralists ever since they were able to get away with branding wanton women in the name of God. It is unlikely that men of such minimal charisma of Nixon and Agnew can reverse the historical trend for long. And from a political point of view, it may be risky to try too hard. A nod or two towards purity is always helpful in a campaign. But it seems that the White House wants more. It wishes to test our commitment to purity. That's when you start to get in trouble. My suspicion is that this country wants to continue to frown on pornography and illicit sex, not drive it out of existence.

Similarly, one gets the impression that Spiro believes the nation hates its children with unbridled passion. There is an element of fact in this assumption, but once again the case is overdrawn. Because adult America is confused and upset over the rebellion of its young does not mean that it is ready to treat youth as the new Red Scare--are you now or have you ever been a kid? I decline to answer the question, Mr. Chairman, on the grounds etc. The commission on campus unrest probably better read the national mood when it issued its plague-on-all-your-houses with a special request to the President to help cool things a bit.

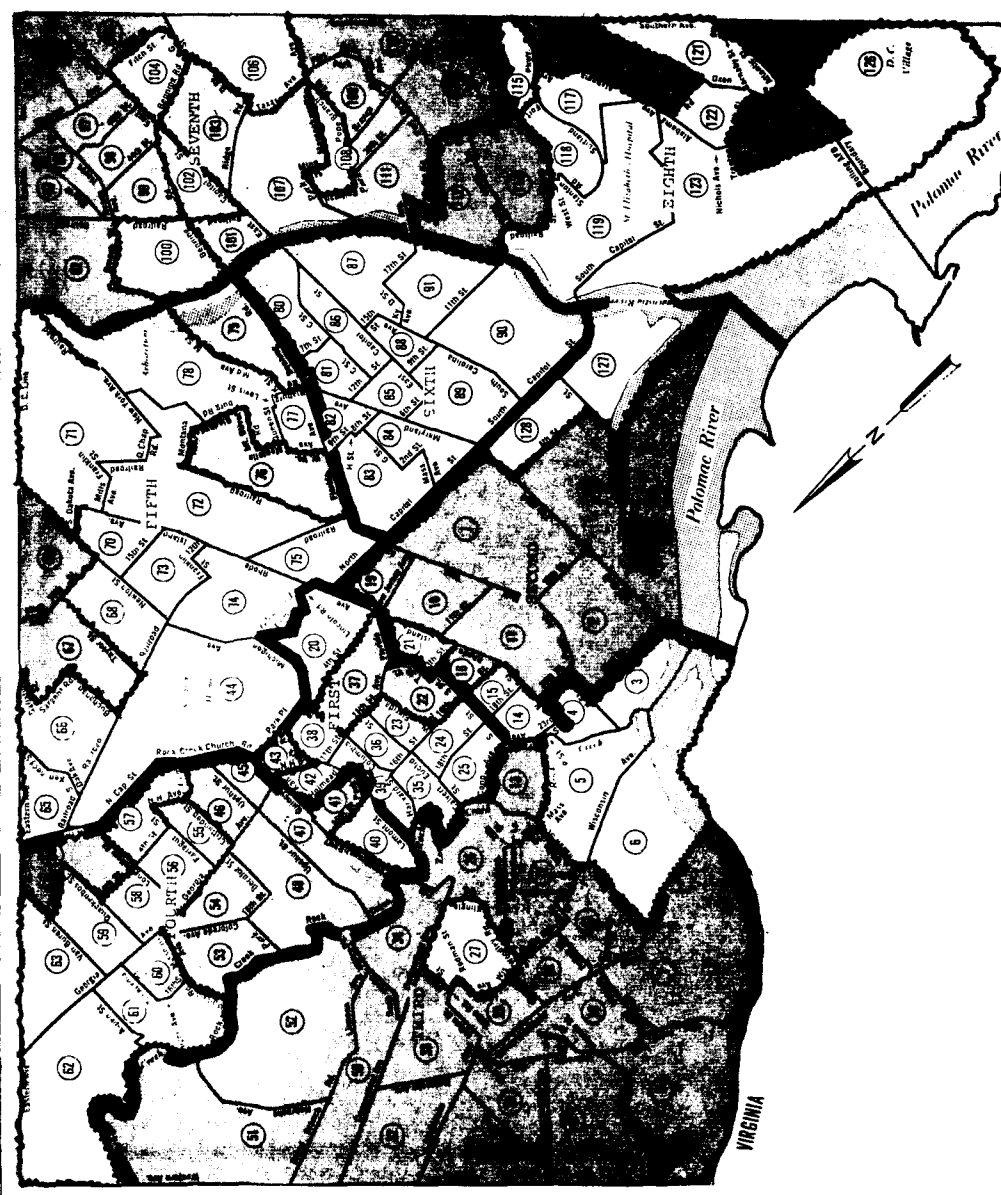
It was a modest request, but the Vice President took immediate exception to it, for it undercut the Agnewian thesis: that the Administration is in the grip of evil extraneous forces ranging from the Black Panthers to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The commission suggested that the President could do more by leading than by complaining; but even at the risk of repudiating its own creation, the Administration felt it could not let this suggestion go unchallenged. The image of the Nixon Administration fighting a lonely battle against campus anarchists, black militants, congressional radicals, and bought journalists is being carefully fostered in order to maintain a rationale for the failures of the White House. To propose that the White House actually has the power to do something constructive is antithetical to the methodology of this Administration. Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew act as though Benjamin Spock and Senator Fulbright were in the White House. As long as no one notices who the incumbents actually are, this approach probably gains votes, but at some point, the electorate is going to expect to hear from their leaders not only what is wrong with the country, but what they have done about it. Continuing to draw blood out of old wounds may satisfy the instincts of certain politicians, but the electorate prefers healing to exacerbation. As time goes on, the scab-scratchers in the White House may find themselves with more and more groups and individuals to blame for their troubles. The list will grow: militants, effete academicians, defectors within the GOP. And one day the Vice President's paranoia may flood to the point that he turns to the President and says, "Sometimes, Dick, I wonder about thee."

-- SAM SMITH



VOTE PROFILE 1968

This map shows the voting trend in the 1968 at-large School Board election. The most liberal precincts (in which both Julius Hobson and John Sessions were among the top three candidates in the precinct) are left blank. In the precincts marked in black, neither Hobson nor Sessions placed. Horizontal lines indicate precincts that leaned towards conservative candidates. Vertical lines indicate precincts that leaned towards liberal candidates.



VOTE PROFILE 1969

This map shows the voting trend in the 1969 at-large School Board election. The most liberal precincts (in which Bardyl Tirana and Charles Caspell were the top choices of the precinct) are left blank. More conservative precincts are shaded. A direct comparison with 1968 should not be drawn because of a much smaller 1969 turnout and because there was only one conservative candidate on the ballot in 1969.

D.C. VOTING PATTERNS

THIS chart shows where the two leading black candidates in the 1968 and 1969 school board elections got their votes. In 1968, Julius Hobson was the only at-large candidate to receive enough votes in the general election to win his seat without entering a run-off. Notice that his vote was much more evenly distributed throughout the city than was the case in Charles Caspell's race in 1969. Most striking is the fact that Caspell received 32.6% of his votes in the predominantly white Ward 3. Caspell's inability to get out the vote in other wards severely hurt him.		% OF CANDIDATES TOTAL VOTE RECEIVED IN EACH WARD	
		Hobson 1968	Casbell 1969
WARD ONE	9.3%	6.9%	
WARD TWO	7.8%	9.7%	
WARD THREE	11.4%	32.6%	
WARD FOUR	17.2%	14.6%	
WARD FIVE	15.9%	11.9%	
WARD SIX	10.4%	7.9%	
WARD SEVEN	15.4%	9.3%	
WARD EIGHT	13.1%	7.2%	

WARD	1968 School Board Election (At Large Race)	1968 School Board Run-off (Ward Race)	1969 School Board Election (At Large Race)	1969 School Board Election (Ward Race)
WARD ONE	HOBSON - Allen - Alexander	Roots(54%) - CASSELL (46%)	TIRANA - CASSELL	Washington (56%) - HOBSON (44%)
WARD TWO	SESSIONS - Allen - HOBSON		TIRANA - CASSELL	LIEBERMAN narrowly won 1st place in the Ward 3 vote, but was forced into a run-off with Rosenfield, where she was defeated.
WARD THREE	Haworth - SESSIONS - Allen	Rosenfield (53%) - TIRANA(47%)	TIRANA- Curtis	
WARD FOUR	HOBSON - Alexander - SESSIONS		TIRANA - CASSELL	
WARD FIVE	HOBSON - Allen - SESSIONS		TIRANA - CASSELL	
WARD SIX	HOBSON - SESSIONS - Alexander	SWAIM(60%) - Vines (40%)	TIRANA - CASSELL	
WARD SEVEN	HOBSON - Allen - SESSIONS		Curtis - CASSELL	
WARD EIGHT	HOBSON - Allen - Alexander		CASSELL - TIRANA	

THIS chart shows how progressive school board candidates have fared in the city's first elections. The only races listed are those in which there was a clear liberal-conservative choice. In each column the winner is listed furthest to the left with the runners-up following in order. Liberal candidates are capitalized. In the 1968 School Board election there were three at-large seats vacant and nine candidates running. Only three were widely supported by liberals: Julius Hobson, John Sessions and Rev. Doug Moore (who did not get enough votes to place in any ward). In the 1968 School Board run-off election there were three ward races with a well defined liberal-conservative split. In the 1969 School Board election there were three at-large candidates on the ballot. Two of whom being supported by liberal groups: Bardyl Tirana and Charles Caspell. There were also two ward races with a clear liberal-conservative split, listed in the column at right.

NEWS NOTES

ROCKEFELLER AVENUE? One of the interested spectators at recent congressional hearings on the Pennsylvania Ave. plan was Pete Quesada, major domo of Laurence Rockefeller's L'Enfant Plaza. Could Rockefeller be getting ready to move in on Pennsylvania Avenue? Curiously, Rockefeller's bank, Chase Manhattan, recently established a special real estate development fund just large enough to handle the project.

BEAUTIFYING THE COPS The City Council is preparing to vote Oct. 20 to spend more than a half million dollars

to make the local police uniforms look more militaristic, with gold braid, Sam Brown belts (which have a fairly notorious symbolism) etc. This at a time when some of the more progressive police departments around the country are putting their officers in civilian clothes. DC cops don't need any more reminders that they are policemen. We wonder whether the Council considered that the money might be better spent on providing furniture for welfare recipients.

APPOINTMENT PROCEDURE SNAFU The District Building's appointment procedures remain fouled up. One member of a city committee was reappointed last March but didn't find out about it until September when he called up the Commissioner's office. Aides dug through the file and found the unannounced appointment along with several others. . . . Also, there are two vacancies on the practical nurses examining board which may go vacant for months unless someone makes a noise about it.

CABLE TV GIVEAWAY? Not too long from now, the city is going to have to decide how it will handle cable television. The matter is presently under quiet study and chances are that the District Building will acquiesce to a major communications giveaway unless community organizations become sufficiently aroused to force the issue out into the open. The question is whether cable television, which has considerable potential for public service, will be turned over to private enterprise or whether the major part of the profits and control will go to the community. A public hearing by the City Council is badly needed on this issue.

WHEN TO USE TEAR GAS Black activists have caught the police department dead to rights with their charges of discriminatory use of tear gas in disturbances. As we noted a year ago in reporting the confrontation between youths and police over the Three Sisters Bridge: "Interestingly, no gas was used. The police were obviously afraid to gas Georgetown. They wouldn't have worried if the community had been black." The recent incidents in Georgetown and 14th St. make the point again. A police official says that gas wasn't used in Georgetown because there were a lot of "innocent people" there. Apparently, in the eyes of the police, people who live around 14th St. aren't innocent.

SECURITY AT THE STAR The Evening Star has instituted a new security system which involves identification cards for employees. Shortly after the new policy went into effect, one member of the firm was temporarily denied entry to the building because he was unable to locate his card. It turned out to be John H. Kauffman, president of the Star.

HUMPHREY AND GUNS Hubert Humphrey told the National Rifle Assn. recently that he had supported gun control only "during the emotional period following the tragic deaths of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy." Now he says he opposes gun control because he "and my wife, three sons and son-in-law are all hunters."

WHAT'S HAPPENING

ABSENTEE VOTERS AID The Absentee Voters Service Bureau of the DC League of Women Voters is now open in the Commerce Building lobby (14th & E NW) providing assistance to persons wishing to cast absentee ballots in other states. The bureau is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekdays and 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Saturdays. Call 737-0783. Applications for absentee ballots are available from all states that do not require an individual written request. There is also non-partisan information on the candidates and issues.

THE OPEN STAGE American University and the Dumbarton United Methodist Church are cooperating on a project called the Open Stage, which will attempt to provide a variety of experimental theatre, by offering a facility and modest production budget "for theatre artists to stage worthwhile presentations which might otherwise go unproduced." The Open Stage is particularly interested in original scripts. American University is sponsoring a \$500 playwriting award. All scripts must be submitted by Dec. 15 to Kenneth Baker, Director of Theatre, American University, DC 20016. Approximately one week-end per month will be set aside to screen new films by amateurs and professionals. Write the Open Stage at the address above. For more information contact Dr. Nicholas Howey, at 686-2433. Performances will be at the church, 3313 Dumbarton Ave. NW.

UNITED BLACK FUND The headquarters for the United Black Fund, which is attempting to raise \$1 million for organizations such as the Blackman's Development Center, is at 715 G NW. The UBF provides an alternative to the dubious priorities of the United Givers Fund. We recommend that contributions not be made to the United Givers Fund. If there are organizations supported by UGF to which you wish to contribute, we suggest you make those contributions directly. That way your gift will not be diluted.

JEWISH URBAN GUERRILLA Jews for Urban Justice publish The Jewish Urban Guerilla, described as "an occasional journal of fact, opinion and chutzpah." \$5 a year from JUJ, P.O. Box 19162, DC 20036. JUJ has regular discussions, services and communal dinners. Info: 387-0319.

ALINSKY FILM The Anacostia Library, 18th & Good Hope Road SE shows a film on Saul Alinsky on Oct. 20 at 7 p.m. Free.

CIVILISATION SERIES The DC Public Library is continuing to present Kenneth Clark's "Civilisation" series at 12 neighborhood branch locations. For info: call 783-6576.

ZONING HEARINGS The Zoning Commission meets on Oct. 20 and 27 in room 12 of the District Building to consider zoning changes.

GUIDE TO U.S. LEFT The 6th edition of the Guide to the American Left has just been published. It contains over 5000 listings of social protest, liberal, pacifist, socialist, communist, new left and movement organizations and periodicals complete with zip codes. The guide also contains an extensive bibliography of several hundred publications on the American left wing. Copies are available at \$5 each or two for \$9. There is also a Guide to the American Right, with 3000 listings for \$3 each. Write United States Directory, P.O. Box 1832, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

POLAR ECOLOGY On Oct. 16, Dr. Stephen Young of the Institute of Polar Studies of Ohio State University will give a slide talk on the ecological contrasts between the northern and southern polar regions, the importance of conservation in high latitudes and the special problems of environmental protection at the poles. 8 p.m. in the auditorium of the Museum of Natural History.

CLASSIFIEDS

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MISC.

COME to the rummage and bake sale at Brookland United Methodist Church, 14th & Lawrence NE on Sat., Oct. 17th from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sponsored by the Women's Society of Christian Service.



New Schools Exchange

301 E. CANON PERDIDO ST., SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

The New Schools Exchange is the only central resource and clearing house for all people involved in alternatives in education. The Exchange corresponds with thousands of individuals and hundreds of experimental schools and educational reform groups across the United States and Canada. Major spokesmen for educational reform are contributors to the Newsletter, issued 3 times a month. Subscription to the Exchange is 10 dollars for 12 months. There is a minimum subscription of \$5 for 5 months. Subscription entitles you to the Newsletter, the continuing Directory of New Schools, periodic 'position papers,' free ad insertion in the Newsletter and any other aid we can extend in the area of experimental education.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS GIFTS The Library of Congress new brochure listing greeting cards, recordings, facsimiles and gift publications is now available from the Library of Congress, Central Services Division, Publications Distribution Sub-Unit, DC 20540.

GI ORGANIZING GUIDE Military Intelligence is a new publication that hopes to "reach large numbers of GIs coming into the GI movement, giving organizers material they can hand to people that can answer their questions, lead them into action and make them organizers." For GIs the subscription is \$1. Students: \$2.50. Civilians: \$5. Write Military Intelligence, c/o Military Research Co, 1711 Pacific Ave., Venice, Calif. 90291.

WOMEN'S POETRY MAGAZINE A women's poetry magazine is being started, which will include photos, art work and "anything else expressive of a women's liberation/revolutionary consciousness." Any proceeds will go to help free political prisoners in the U.S. Artwork, poetry, photos etc. should be sent to Diana Press, c/o Regina Sigal, 1854 Wyoming Ave. NW, DC 20009.

WASHINGTON BUDDHISM There are Buddhists in Washington and many of them are members of the Buddhist Vihara Society, with headquarters at 5017 16th NW, DC 20011. (723-0773). The society publishes a bimonthly newsletter called Washington Buddhist

OCT. 31 Anti-war demonstrations are planned in some 26 cities including DC on Oct. 31. The action is being planned by the National Peace Action Coalition, 2102 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O. 44115. (216-621-6516)

DO-IT-YOURSELF ECOLOGY Environmental Action's manual called "Do-It-Yourself Ecology" has been revised. The booklet suggests a few things that individuals can do about the ecological crisis. Cartoons by Ron Cobb. Single copies: 25¢. Fifty or more: 15¢ each. From Environmental Action, 2000 P NW, DC 20036.

ECO-FACTS Environmental Resources has prepared fact sheets on water pollution, air pollution, the internal combustion engine, pesticides and noise pollution. No charge but 25¢ donation is requested. Write ER, 2000 P NW, DC 20036.

CAPITOL EAST ASSEMBLY The second annual Capitol East Community Assembly will be held on Nov. 8 at Stuart Jr. High, 4th & E NE, starting at 2 p.m. Organizations are asked to fill out registration forms and return them as soon as possible. In addition, CECO is holding several public hearings prior to the assembly: Oct. 13, schools and libraries; Oct. 20, religion and health; Oct. 27, urban renewal, housing and economic development. All hearings are at 7:30 p.m. at Holy Comforter, 15th & E. Capitol. Info: 547-0630 or 547-1908.

PLANNING COUNCIL ELECTIONS The 20 Neighborhood Planning Councils which plan and run programs for youth in the District will hold their elections on Oct. 24. Nominations are now being accepted for youth and adult officers through Oct. 14. Info: the nearest NPC office or call 629-5268.

BLACK FILMS THE Southeast Branch of the public library is showing black history films at 7 p.m. on Tuesday nights. Among the upcoming films: "Malcolm X," an interview (Oct. 20); "Black Panthers," including a speech by Mrs. Eldridge Cleaver and an interview with Huey Newton (Nov. 3). Free at 7th & D SE.

HELP DEFEAT BROYHILL The word from northern Virginia is that Harold Miller is giving Joel Broyhill his toughest fight in recent years. Broyhill can be beat, but Miller needs help. Volunteers (keypunch operators, typists, drivers, election day workers, telephone canvassers etc.) can get in contact with Ruth Kaven, Miller's personnel director, at 820-0266. Contributions should be sent to the Citizens for Miller Committee, 5827 Columbia Pike, Bailey's Crossroad, Va. 22041, or to the DC Citizens for Miller, 614 E SE, DC 20003. The telephone of the DC Citizens is 546-7668 evenings or 638-2268 days.

Media cont'd

bottom part of her suit. The he looks into her face).

HUSKY BOY: Mrs. Jones! I thought you were Jill!

MRS. JONES: That's alright, Billy. We're often mistaken.

HUSKY BOY: Oddle-loddle-loddle-loddle (he is at the slurping stage).

SOOTHING VOICE: Mrs. Jones, how do you stay so young?

MRS. JONES: Well I get plenty of sleep, brush between meals, respect our flag, and-- ohhhhh, ohhhh (she is at the moaning stage).

ANNOUNCER: Mrs. Jones will be right back.

AL CAPP: This is Al Capp (wheeze, wheeze). I've never done a (wheeze) TV commercial before (wheeze) but I wanna talk to all youse guys about genital odor.

ECHO CHAMBER: Odor! Odor! Odor!

HOUSEWIFE: You know, I never thought I'd be able to get these blood stains out of my dress. Why, they've been there for, let's see, 7 years this November.

SOOTHING VOICE: And did you throw the dress away?

HOUSEWIFE: Well, I was using it for a dust rag, but then I heard about new improved enzyme-active, bleach-plus-brightners, supersudsing hot-power Foos. I thought I'd try it for myself.

SOOTHING VOICE: And---???

HOUSEWIFE: And look! The blood is all gone! (She holds up dress. You can still see the stains).

JACQUELINE SUSANN: Hello, I'm Jacqueline Susann. I've never done a TV commercial before, but I want to tell all you big gorgeous men out there what we women think of smelly genitals....

WAYNE NEWTON: Hi kids. I'd like to tell it like it is for a few minutes. Now you've heard a lot about drugs. Maybe some of you think drugs are where it's at. Well, let me lay something very hard on you. Drugs aren't together, gosh no. There's nothing keen or

swell about them. They aren't the cat's pajamas....

PRESIDENT NIXON: Thanks, Wayne. It's typical young people like yourself who are proof positive that our American youth are fine citizens.

IRRITATING VOICE: Tension builds... you feel DEPRESSED... everything's happening at once--

WRINKLED MOTHER: What's a mother to do? (A disgustingly handsome man appears. He gives her a pill. Her wrinkles vanish. They do the turkey trot).

ROY ROGERS: Here, Mom, try one of my roast beef sandwiches. You look like a good American.

WRINKLE-FREE MOM: Thanks, Roy!

ROY: That's OK, Mom. Say, I wonder how you'd look stuffed and mounted.

PRESIDENT NIXON: I'm very glad you asked that question. Now, I've never done a TV commercial before, but....

Fade to black.

Campaign cont'd

sion; federal assistance to community groups to provide part-time professional help; and full representative government and home rule. Moore has a tendency towards rambunctiousness (sometimes to little purpose as in the case of the legal services hassle), but rambunctiousness on behalf of self-government not only is no vice, but probably is a necessity to achieve suffrage. Moore's problems seem to be three-fold: 1) a tendency to skim on the surface of issues, 2) the danger that he will run so poorly that he will tend to discredit the militant position, and 3) a difficulty in building a coalition of activists behind his candidacy.

As this is written, Marion Barry has not yet decided whether to run. I hope he does. I know of no man who has worked harder and more wisely on behalf of the District than Barry. While others have talked about black power, Barry, in the case of Pride Inc., has done

something about it. While others have talked of community control of government, Barry, in the case of the Third District Council, has done something about it. Barry's Free DC Movement brought this city as close to real home rule as it had been in years before or has been since. It would be difficult for Barry to win, but his candidacy would certainly force other would-be delegates to face real issues and, unlike Moore, Barry has the potential of a substantial showing in the election. It is important for there to be evidence in this campaign of a sizable constituency to the left of Phillips.

If Marion decides not to run, there is another potential candidate who should be given serious consideration: Walter Fauntroy. Although Fauntroy has not received as much publicity as Phillips recently, he has, over the years, developed a strong image in the black

community. In the black wards, at least, he would present a formidable challenge to Phillips.

Fauntroy is no wild-eyed militant. In fact, some might regard him in many ways indistinguishable from Phillips. Perhaps the best assessment comes from a local activist who said: "If both were left alone, Walter and Channing would end up in the same place. But they're not going to be left alone. The difference is who is going to be feeding into them." Here, Fauntroy clearly has the edge. Whereas Phillips has concentrated on building a moderate coalition of the detached-dwelling set, Fauntroy has stayed in touch with the heart of the city. The men around Fauntroy would be more militant, more aggressive and less inclined to let him drift into the serenity of the cozy politics of the Hill, then would be the case of those around Phillips. And that would make Fauntroy a decidedly different sort of delegate than Phillips. But the imponderables remain in profusion. As this is written, Walter Fauntroy hasn't announced either.

CIA cont'd

cording to the same sources, the Burmese government is getting assistance from the CIA mounting air-strikes on anti-government insurgent groups in the same area. This second operation is centered at Mandalay.

--Burmese border officials at the Thai-Burma border northwest of here claim there is permanent CIA "intelligence gathering activity" going on in Burma near the Chinese and Lao borders. "White Chinese" guerrillas (remnants of Chiang Kai Shek's army forced out of China by the communist revolution) numbering

2,000 men armed with American M-1, M-2, and M-16 rifles are also said by the Burmese to be active in the same area (Chinese Communist troops are also reported by the Burmese to be in the area).

--Nung people originally from the mountains of the North Vietnamese and Chinese borders now living north of Saigon near the provincial town of Xuan Loc in South Vietnam, report some of their men have been recruited at high salaries to work in CIA-run mercenary bands on the North Vietnamese and Chinese frontiers. The Nungs are given 500,000 piasters (about U.S.

\$1500 at the free market rate of exchange) before they leave and another 500,000 if and when they come back six months later.

The people of Houei Sai know much more than they let on. Long a center of the opium trade, it has learned to hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil. Everyone from the bearded IVS (International Voluntary Services) volunteer and the USAID refugee officer to the village restaurateur are part of the "team." Nobody here talks about Nam Lieu. Expressions of fear indicate the name of Tony Poe is taboo. It is not hard to understand why.

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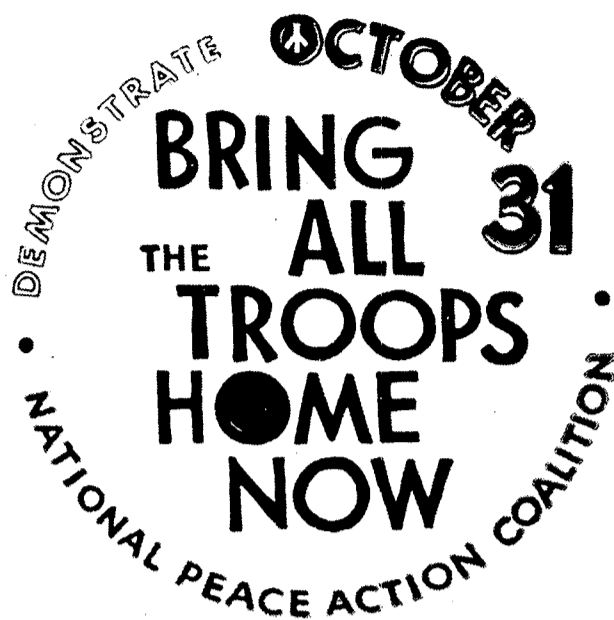
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BUTTONS FOR ACTION: The button, official button of the Oct. 31 anti-war demonstrations throughout the U.S., is available from the National Peace Action Coalition for 25c. Bulk orders are available at the following rates: 25 for \$3.75, 100 for \$12, 200 for \$20. "Bring all the troops home now" posters are priced at 50c each or in bulk at 25 for \$6.25 or 100 for \$10. Special Oct. 31 calls are available in single copies and are suitable for electrostencil or other reproduction. Materials can be ordered and payments made to National Peace Action Coalition, 2102 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44115. Phone: (216) 621-6516.

How to use the bulletin board

THE DC GAZETTE offers space to action groups, churches, political organizations, and other non-profit agencies at special low rates, providing that copy is submitted in final form, camera ready and in the right size. Payment must accompany all orders. Typed copy must be produced on an electric typewriter with carbon ribbon. Art work should be done in india ink or with a black felt-tip pen. The Gazette reserves the right to refuse any copy not in good taste or in violation of laws of libel, obscenity etc. Sizes available and prices are as follows:

Full page	10" wide by 15" deep	\$20
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Next issue deadline: noon, Oct. 20. (Reserve space as early as possible)

Pollution Workshop

Help organize citizen action to fight D.C. air pollution-specific problems-how to tackle them. Everyone ♀♀ is invited.

Join Circle-on-the-Hill at Friendship House auditorium 619 D Street southeast, at 8pm. Wednesday, October 21.

Workshop will feature Jack Winder, Executive Director Metropolitan Coalition and Mrs. Frances Radin, Associate, The Conservation Foundation.

For more information call 547-8213.

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